

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, February 11, 1804.

[No. 70]

THE
VILLAGE GOSSIP,

Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

(Continued from page 130.)

NO. VII.

I TOOK my netting this morning, and strolled to the cottage, leaving Maria occupied by her botanical drawings. Mrs. Chumney, the fair inhabitant, was expecting me; yet her eyes were cast to the ground at my approach. The interior of her habitation was just what I expected,—orderly, neat, and tastefully ornamented. She politely led me to a small cane sofa, upon the cushion of which sat her little prattler, who favored me with several sociable smiles.

May I hope, said I, addressing her, that you will do me the justice to believe mere curiosity did not prompt this intrusion.

She took my hand, and, sighing, replied—Your kindness affects me sensibly; I am not, of late, accustomed to such consoling attentions from my own sex. Ah! can it be wondered that the paths of virtue once quitted are so sel-

dom regained, when every avenue is closed with severity and scorn against the wretched fugitive!

I assured her I was ready to convince her that my heart was incapable of such injustice, and tried every argument to sooth her wounded spirit.

Thus encouraged, Madam, she resumed, I will begin my simple tale. My father was left a widower with two daughters, of which I was the youngest at the early age of thirty; nor did the sorrow he felt at losing my mother prevent his forming a second engagement. He was a farmer in the county of Berkshire, and had acquired a sufficiency to give us what is commonly called a genteel education; too genteel, indeed, for the sphere of life we were designed to fill. My father felt a strong affection for us, but it suffered material diminution after his marriage, as a new family sprung up to claim his care; and, in consequence, our expectations were more limited; though the expenses of our education were not retrenched. My sister was a handsome showy girl, and attracted the notice of a young attorney's clerk who came to R— on the circuit with his master. The young man had good connections, and prospect of employ; and had no doubt of succeeding well with the additional assistance of the five hundred pounds designed by my father for his eldest daughter. Mary had no objection to

the suitor, or to a town residence; and, meeting with no obstacle to their wishes, the young couple were united.

From that time all her letters to me were filled with rapturous descriptions of the metropolis, and my heightened fancy presented it for ever to my view as the centre of felicity; in one part of her letter she said:

Come my dear Harriet, to this delightful place: I will take you to every place that can afford you amusement. Mr. Partlet is very kind and longs for your company: he cannot bear the idea of a girl with your person and accomplishments being yoked to some country boor who has no more ideas than his stupid oxen;—it would be absolutely murdering you. Here you may learn a business, or employ yourself in some way genteel and eligible; and, surely, my father cannot object to your making a trial, at least under our protection.

Her plan was a most delightful one, and, as I was then sixteen, I importuned my father incessantly to let me seek employment in London: at first, he strongly opposed it: said, my sister was a giddy headstrong girl, who could hardly take care of herself; and that he thought she was already spoiled by a London life, which ruined nineteen out of twenty. I considered all these remonstrances as mere ignorant preju-

dices, and, at length, succeeded in removing his scruples.

Every day seemed a year that intervened between that on which I obtained his consent and that of my arrival in town. I found my sister's appearance materially altered,—her manners more so: and I soon found that she sought my society more as an attendant than a sister. It was also obvious, that her dear Partlet was not always the kindest creature in the world: nor was his fidelity so strong as I imagined: in short, his behavior to me very much disgusted and alarmed me, and I innocently told my sister of it. She resented it with violence.

Partlet to screen himself from her reproaches, gave my assertions a positive denial: and his wife, affecting to believe him, turned all her resentment against me, and desired I would return home, and not invidiously seek to disturb their domestic felicity by my vanity and childishness. This unnatural treatment steeled my heart against her: but the recollection of what my father told me made me feel a proud reluctance at the thought of returning in such a degrading manner; I therefore packed up my property, and calling a coach drove to one of my sister's tradespeople, of whom I had recently made some purchases, and requested to be informed of some lodging. Fortunately the woman of the house had a vacant apartment, which she offered me; and I agreed to board with the family.

The same day, after dinner, taking up the paper, I read in it an advertisement for a young person who could work well at her needle, read, and keep accounts, with several other particulars, for which I was luckily qualified; I requested my landlady to accompany me to the place, which she readily did, and I was engaged by the lady at a moderate salary. I referred her to my governess, and was happy to find her perfectly satisfied.

The lady I went to serve was an excellent woman; she had a son and a daughter, to the latter of whom I soon became more a companion than a servant. I will say nothing of the person of Francis, for to him I owe all my subsequent misery.

Every credulous love-sick girl strives

to excuse her infatuation by giving to the person of her seducer every captivating charm; but I believe it was more to the sophistry, the insinuation of my destroyer, that I owed my ruin, than to any personal attractions, though in the eyes of most women he had many.

It would be tedious to recount the stratagems by which he contrived to be alone with me, to work his way to my weak inexperienced heart: yet that native modesty which requires long undermining withheld me from betraying my partiality:—the struggle was painful to myself, and soon terminated by an accident which destroyed all hopes of concealment. Francis was thrown from the chaise, and was brought home almost dead; from no hand but mine would he receive medicine or nourishment, and, though the distinction was gratifying, it subjected me to some inconvenience. To indulge a favorite son, my mistress permitted my attendance: my affection was too pure to be fastidious. We were constantly alone together, and the consequence was such as might be apprehended, had not my own credulity deceived me. To do Francis justice he offered to make whatever atonement I should exact, even at the risk of his ruin: but that was a sacrifice I refused to accept, especially as I considered myself more than equally in fault; and I perceived that he was both affected and satisfied by my generosity. It is true, I was not happy, but I was wrapped in a sort of ideal felicity that for a while blinded my eyes to all the troubles that awaited me.

The apprehension of becoming a mother first roused me to a proper sense of my situation. I entreated advice from Francis: he seemed confounded and agitated; told me he would consider what was to be done, and hurried away: for the first time, I thought I perceived an abatement of his regard; and from that hour I gave myself up to a secret anguish that has since almost brought me to the grave. Francis, instead of composing my mind by assurances such as I expected, assiduously shunned me: my pride was too great to solicit, my heart too full to remonstrate; and my situation becoming every day more obvious, I resolved to absent myself, under a pretence that my father was ill. When my intention of quitting the family was made known, I saw Francis pale and agitated: he knew me too well to fear

exposure, and a selfish pride kept him from making a voluntary sacrifice for my sake. One morning we were accidentally left together: he arose from his seat, and hung a few moments over my chair without speaking; at length, taking my hand, which was cold and trembling, he said:—

I have reason to believe, Harriet, this excuse for quitting us so abruptly is only meant as a reproach for my apparent neglect: indeed I have suffered so much upon your account, between fear and regret, that I have not been able to recollect my ideas. Pray, what is your plan?

Fears upon your own account are as superfluous as regret upon mine, I replied, coldly, for his manner hurt me sensibly. It is my intention to remove from hence as soon as I can: my future plan is yet undetermined.

He took out his pocket book. Harriet, here is a fifty pound note: when you are settled to your satisfaction, let me hear from you. I will see you as often as I can.

I interrupted him by tears I could not restrain, and putting away the note, said:—

If you experienced but half what I feel at this moment, you would know that this offer of money is but an insult. Whatever I would willingly owe to your affection, I will accept nothing as a bounty: and if my society is merely a matter of convenience to you, I would rather relinquish it entirely.

What would you have? cried he, resentfully. You know I cannot marry you: there was a time when I would have done even that; but now it is a thing impracticable.

Yes, returned I, there was a time when your love for me prompted you to honor; but I knew your situation and my own, and preferred to be myself disgraced: yet I thought that circumstance would have secured to me your affection, and that would have compensated for every other loss. Your ingratitude surprises me, I own; yet it weans you from my heart; and, while I remember the immense distance which fortune has set between us, while I remember that you are my master, I must forget that you are the father of my child.

(To be continued)

FLORIO AND LUCILLA,

Or, the virtuous but fatal Elophement :

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from page 134]

IN all countries, honor is considered as the peculiar characteristic of a soldier; but when shall we have such a definition of the word, as to be able to ascertain, with any kind of precision, in what honor, (military honor, however) consists? The Colonel under whom Florio served, was universally pronounced a man of the strictest honor; and yet it was universally acknowledged also, that in his transactions with the ladies, there could not exist a man more unprincipled. Not for the world would he injure one of his own sex,—provided he interfered not with his pleasures; but a woman—a helpless beautiful woman—he scrupled not uniformly to consider as his lawful prey.

Hardly had the artless Lucilla arrived, when, viewing her with the eyes of a lascivious voluptuary, the demon of mischief pointed her out to him as a precious object of destruction.—Who so polite to her, so attentive to her husband, as the gallant colonel!—Lucilla thought him a jewel of a man; and Florio, unsuspecting as herself, actually considered him as a father.

Soon, however, the presence of Florio became offensive to the colonel; and soon also did Lucilla begin to perceive, with a woman's eye, that in his constant assiduities to her there was something more than mere friendship, especially as, in the whole of his behavior to her husband, he was now as cool and reserved, as, at first, he had been warm, open, and generous.

As yet he had not dared plainly to reveal to her the intentions which continued every day more and more to agitate his guilty breast; but at length, borne away by a passion, which, having nothing in view but its own gratification, set reason and virtue at defiance—he scrupled not to use every seductive persuasion, every unmanly stratagem, that might tend to inveigle her into his polluted arms.

In the conduct of Lucilla, at this crisis, there was a display of conjugal attachment, and, what is more, of conjugal magnanimity, which would have

redounded to the glory of the most unsullied matron of ancient Rome, while it was Rome's boast that she was virtuous.

Over all the insidious manœuvres of the undoer of her peace she nobly triumphed; and the colonel, mortified at the idea of being thus spurned at, baffled and defied—defied too by a woman—presently contrived to level the whole fury of a heart fraught with disappointment and revenge at the luckless Florio, to whom nevertheless he bore no enmity farther than as he appeared to be the only impediment to the completion of his wishes.

By accident, one day, the unhappy youth—in anxiously searching for a few simples, which the indisposed state of his Lucilla had, for some time, seemed to render necessary for her—unwarily transgressed the boundaries allotted for the garrison. This offence—if an offence it could be called—was judged by the colonel a sufficient pretext for ordering Florio to prison; and there, from the vile stench and dampness of the place, he was seized with a fever, which communicating its effects to Lucilla—, a momentary tear, one minute from his loved partner of her bosom—threatened soon to put a period to the miserable existence of both.

While thus they remained in a dreary dungeon, oppressed with sickness, and barely permitted to breath, a letter was secretly conveyed to Lucilla from the detested author of her woes, intimating, that if she would at length consent to quit her husband, an elegant house should be at her command, and nothing omitted which might promote the recovery of her health, and the establishment of her happiness.

In answer to this letter, having with no small difficulty obtained the assistance of a pen and some ink and paper, she wrote to him with a trembling hand what follows:

"Know, worthless man, that though I were condemned to expire this instant in the midst of tortures, (and more excruciating ones there cannot be than those I already feel) I yet would not accept of life, with all the splendor the world could bestow, if, in order to enjoy so paltry a blessing, I

should be forced, by sacrificing my own honor, to sacrifice the honor of my husband. Think not—vainly think not, that the principles of an incorruptible integrity, and the pangs inseparable from a sense of unmerited oppression, may not exist together in one bosom—the bosom, too, of a weak and unfriended woman!—Yes, wretched seducer, in mine they do, in mine they *shall* exist, while I exist myself.—The insults I have experienced from you are the more base, as my heart tells me, and you must yourself be conscious, that in the whole of my conduct I never betrayed the least indiscretion, which could possibly encourage you to imagine me capable of indulging a thought incompatible with innocence, or injurious to my Florio. Cease then to aggravate my woes with importunities, odious to me as they are infamous in the sight of heaven; and, above all, let me conjure you avoid my presence.—Enfeebled as this hand is, and little capable of affording assistance either to my husband or myself, yet, (nerved by desperation) it might, perhaps, be raised with fatal vengeance against the most abandoned of men, should he dare, even in her dying moments, to approach the eyes of

LUCILLA."

This letter spoke daggers to the very soul of the colonel.—His heart, naturally humane, and not yet wholly lost to the charms of innocence—to every sentiment, in fine, that constitutes the man of real probity and honor—was now torn with remorse: nor could he obtain a moment's rest, till (yielding to the innate though long perverted nobleness of disposition) he had dispatched a written message to the virtuous heroine, humbly begging her pardon, and the pardon of her injured husband, for his past behavior; and declaring to her, in terms of the most bitter contrition, that till that moment he knew not the value of a sex, to which she was herself an ornament, and to which, he blushed to confess, at length, he had through life acted, but unconsciously acted, as a villain.

With this message he sent an order for the immediate releasement of Florio, as also positive directions to afford both Lucilla and him every indulgence and accommodation which their illness might require, or which, at least, the situation of the garrison would permit.

It was likewise his intention to procure for Florio, without delay, the command of a company. But, alas! this intention was rendered fruitless by the termination of the fever, which still continued to prey upon them, and which, the very week after this sudden reverse in their fortune, carried them both off, within two hours of each other, leaving to their departed souls this consolation, (if a consolation it could be to them in heaven) that their remains were destined to be interred in one grave, amidst the sighs and lamentations of the most numerous concourse of spectators that ever graced the funeral of a deserving and truly martyred pair.

THE GOOD PEASANT.

From the French.

A CERTAIN wealthy gentleman, with his attendants, goes into the country, with a design of sending a basket to a farmer, which contained a deposit he wished to intrust in secure and faithful hands. About a league distant from the farmer's habitation he meets a countryman at work in his fields, whom he calls, and engages, by giving him twelve livres for his trouble, to take the basket to the farmer's, whom the gentleman points out to him.

The countryman, as he was going along, feels something move in the basket, which surprise much increased upon hearing human cries. He opens the basket, and perceives a little infant. Upon arriving at the house of the farmer, he relates the adventure; but the farmer, and his wife too, refuses to accept the basket and child. After having represented the impropriety of such conduct, and the inhumanity of refusing nourishment to a little innocent creature, he adds—

Well—I'll take care of it myself. My wife is now suckling one of my children; I will request that she take charge of this also; for which I trust God will bestow his blessings upon us.

At his return home he makes known his generous intentions to his wife, whom he induces to undertake the humane office. They open the basket, in which they find a very handsome man-

tle, purse, and a note to the following effect—Take care of this infant child. At the bottom of the basket you will find a purse containing an hundred guineas, to maintain and defray the expenses of its juvenile years. From time to time care will be taken to send you money, and in the end you may depend upon a more handsome reward.

The good countryman returned thanks to God for having blessed his resolution. His villagers were soon informed of this interesting adventure, when some of them made a point of going to the farmer who had refused the deposit. He condemned himself for his former conduct, but fancied that he had a right to exact the deposit, which the countryman refused to deliver up, alledging, that *interest* only had prompted him to make the demand; whereas *compassion* for the innocent babe had alone induced him to accept of the charge.—The farmer enters an action against the poor countryman, but the latter gained the cause, with all expenses.

The rich gentleman hearing of this transaction from public report, instantly sent a considerable sum of money to the good countryman, with an assurance of a much greater reward at the expiration of the child's infancy.

Envy is truly a disgraceful particle of humanity; it is ever the associate of vice; it is an incurable disease of the soul; but it must be allowed, that this vicious affection bears about its own punishment. View the extreme excesses of wickedness attendant on the envious; he is more devoured by a thirst of doing injury, than even the thief or the assassin.

A FRAGMENT.

DURING the late inclement season, my little robin-red-breast, that dear inhabitant of the grove, was by stress of weather driven from it. The deep snow having cut off all access, I could not convey to him his daily bread. Finding my visits discontinued, he every morning paid his devoirs to me near the house, and every day he partook of my wonted munificence. Wherever I went, he hovered round me twittering soft notes of gratitude. In the arbor I constantly swept off the snow, and fed

him. Confident of my friendship, he pecked the crumbs from my hand. My attention to him was unremitting, and I was ardently bent on his preservation.

One morning at the accustomed hour, he made not his appearance. My well-known whistle, which always with alacrity called him to me, he did not obey. Alarmed, I cried, Dear Robin!—Ah! whither hast thou winged thy airy flight?—Or art thou fallen a victim to these chilling blasts? With anxious care I sought him; but in vain: day after day I renewed my researches without effect.—He is gone!—my Robin!—my Robin! oh! he is fallen. Ye feathered songsters, deplore him—for three days, let not a note be heard—let there be no grain, no berries for you—but in abstinence, and mournful silence, express his loss.—Sweet bird!—thou wert cheerful as the morn. How oft have I heard thee warbling in the grove!—How oft at my approach, when perched on the topmost spray of the lofty larch, pouring forth thy notes, hast thou descended to me!—How oft have I seen thee on the urn, that urn, now a *memento mori* of thyself, chanting a requiem to the departed shade!—How oft hast thou met me at the gothic arch, petitioning in plaintive notes for crumbs of bread! From noise, and folly, in the sequestered shade, seated on the ivy-mantled turret of the hermit's cell, or resting on the bending spray, with sweet contentment in thy looks, thy native gestures never failed to please. A gentle rustle among the leaves has often called my attention to thee.—Hopping among the woodbine branches, or pecking under the shining laurel, how often have I descried thy scarlet bosom—thou emblem of innocence—thou loveliest of birds!

In the hallowed grove—sacred to solitude and reflection—when with pensive steps I've strayed wrapt in meditation, thy sweet accents, wafted on zephyrs' wings, have harmonised the solemn silence, and inspired serene and beatific joys. The ear, thus saluted with such melodious strains, an awful pause ensued.—'Twas like a seraph's voice!—Religion, love, and peace, were in the sounds!—Thou pious bird!—thou minister of devotion!—soothed by thee, the pure vibrations of the heart ascend towards heaven; the mind, tranquilised by thy vocal lays, soars to higher regions; and composed by thee,

the peaceful soul beholds with pity all sublunary enjoyments. But, alas! thou art no more—thou hast paid the debt of nature; and these sublime sensibilities, these refined pleasures, are terminated for ever!

My hopes are lost!—my joys are fled!
Alas! I weep my Robin dead:
Come, all ye winged warblers, come,
Drop sprigs of Cyprus on his tomb;
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse,
Ye brother red-breasts deck his hearse;
Soft, softly make his mossy pillow,
Plant o'er his head a weeping willow:
For thee, my friend, for thee I moan,
My dearest Robin, dead and gone,
Mourn, mourn, ye songsters all, his loss deplore;
My friend—my robin red-breast, is no more.

W. W. OLLERTON.

CURIOUS MODES OF PREDICTING FUTURE EVENTS.

A DESIRE to see into futurity (says a French writer) is a passion natural to men: it is the strength of this passion that still makes the art of divination common in the enlightened nations of Europe. The ancient Russians had various modes of predicting future events; the one most in use was to toss rings, or circles, called croujki, into the air, that were white on one side, and black on the other. The presage was fortunate when the white side fell uppermost; but, the contrary, if the black presented itself. If they threw two rings, and one discovered the black side, and the other the white, the success they concluded would be moderate. At other times they augured, from the return of birds of passage, and from the meeting of certain animals, the cries of which were not indifferent, but portended future good or ill. They consulted too the undulations of flame and smoke, the course of waters, their floods and foam. But these errors of a barbarous people are no ways astonishing, when we see a polished nation, in which the spirit of philosophy has penetrated almost to the lowest ranks, and which has produced a Descartes, a Bayle, a Montesquieu, and a Voltaire, infected by this folly, where women of distinguished birth and fortune follow a decrepid old woman, who calls herself a sorceress, into a garret, and there with a curious and stupid eye, consult the white of an egg beat up in a glass, or the odd and accidental forms of melted lead precipitated into water.

ROMAN FIFERS, OR, FLUTE-PLAYERS.

LIVY tells a story of these gentlemen, not unapplicable to modern times. At an early period of the Roman republic, having taken offence at some regulations which had been introduced by the Consul, they took their departure to a man, and forsook the city. By their absence, the public shows, the processions, and many of the mysteries of religion, were either actually at a stand, or could not be duly administered. The government was obliged to send a deputation to them in consequence, at Tibur, where they had retired. The fifers were sturdy. The good offices of the magistrates of Tibur were resorted to; all was in vain.

At last, the chief persons of that city who were desirous of rendering a service to their expiring neighbor, hit upon the following device to restore these musicians to the Romans.—They were asked to dinner at various houses of the nobility, and having drank to great excess, which these kind of people (says Livy) are ever prone to, they were packed up in waggons and driven, during the night, into the market-place at Rome. In the morning, when they awoke from their wine and their sleep, they found themselves surrounded by the populace, who were cracking their jokes on them. Nothing, however, could prevail upon them to yield, and the consuls were obliged to rescind their regulations, to allow them commons in the Capitol, and to stipulate that three days in the year they should enjoy an unrestrained licence to run through the city in their drunken broils, and to offend every ear with impure songs and jokes, a custom that still survived in the days of the historian.

ANECDOTES.

DIJON is a town very distant from the sea, and consequently ill supplied with fresh fish. A fishmonger, who knew there were many epicures in the place, brought a large quantity there, which, though rather stale, were presently bought up at a high price. Those whose finances would not allow them to buy any, very industriously endeavored to raise a general report, that the fish were stale, and that there was

danger in eating them. An epicurean citizen, who had a full purse, and a mind above those idle rumors, did not omit the opportunity, but bought a fine sole, and gave his servant orders to dress it for dinner. In obedience to his orders, the sole was placed upon the table at the appointed hour; but, while the servant went to inform her master, a large cat, which had watched the opportunity, jumped on the table, ran off with the fish, and speedily began to devour it. The servant returning, saw mistress puss just finishing the fish; upon which she began to exercise the poker on the body of the poor thief, which soon finished its existence: she then threw it into the middle of the street, at the same time telling her neighbors that eating a sole was the cause of it: this information was recited, with improvements, from one to another, until a mob collected and went to attack the fishmonger, who in vain contended that his fish were good: they had proof that eating of them caused the cat's death. He was presently summoned before a magistrate, and the charge went hard against him, until the master appeared, and related the whole story, to the great entertainment of the court.

A considerable number of shoemakers were once attracted together, by a puffing orator, who advertised, that, on the Monday following, he would exhibit to the public, the most expeditious mode of making shoes ever known, and by which a complete pair of shoes could be made in two or three minutes by the slowest workman: this he engaged to perform in the face of the audience. He did so,—by producing a pair of boots, and cutting off the feet.

APHORISMS.

Those who exhort others to virtue, which they themselves do not practise, are like trumpeters in an army, who excite others, but do not fight themselves.

Some men of learning are like porcupines, we are afraid of approaching them.

It is with our studies as with our victuals, which do not nourish unless they are well digested.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 11, 1804.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 1st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

* * Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay in advance.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 44 persons during the week ending on Saturday, the 28th ult.

Of Consumption 11—complaint in the liver 1—fits 4—palsey 1—sudden 1—small pox 2—unknown 2—inflammation of the lungs 1—heavy cold 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—dropsy 2—by the use of opium 1—influenza 1—asthma 1—hives 4—whooping cough 1—lingering illness 1—suicide 1—and 7—of disorders not mentioned.

Of the above 27 were adults and 17 children.

SALE OF THE THEATRE.

At half past one, on Friday, the 10th, the Theatre of this city was sold for 43,000 dolls. to the highest bidder, at the Tontine Coffee-House, with its scenery and machinery, excepting such parts thereof and other articles as belong to the present Manager. We understand the purchasers are, those gentlemen who formerly loaned money for the completion of the building.

On Tuesday evening a man who had lain in a state of intoxication, in Front-street, during the whole day, was carried to the Alms-house, lifeless—we have not learned whether the means used to restore him to life had the desired effect.

Morristown, Feb. 2.

We are credibly informed that within a short period two persons have been found dead in the road, at different places not many miles from this town, in consequence of their being so much intoxicated as to be unable to take care of themselves. It is said one of them was found lying with his face in snow and water, and the other very much torn to pieces by swine. From delicacy to the feelings of the connections of these unfortunate persons, no names are mentioned; but we only insert this as a caution to those who are in the intemperate use of spirituous liquors.

A subscription has been set on foot at Savannah (Georgia), for building a Theatre, to be under the management of Messrs. Placide and Hodgkinson. A considerable sum, the amount of which is not mentioned, was raised by donation.

At a meeting of the subscribers, the managers further proposed raising from 20 persons a loan of 200 dollars each; as an interest for which, the holders of these shares should receive a silver ticket of free admission, except on benefit nights. The proposal was approved, and a committee appointed to carry it into effect. [Chron.]

PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FOR OCTOBER.

Our elegantes assume with great reluctance the vestments of winter. The fashion of trains is extended to Amazonian habits. Some hats are worn of white beaver; but amaranth, rose and orange retain their rank. They still continue to blend jonquille satin with black velvet. Some velvet hats have in front a black lace that conceals one eye and half the face. Diadems of gold *a la Ceres* begin to acquire favor in head

dressess. Long shawls are much in vogue—all plain—the colors amaranth, aurora, pale green, olive and citron. For plain square shawls, purple is always in fashion: nothing is more common than shawls *a la Turc*. Our ladies who give the ton have exchanged plain muslin for laced veils.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

Tale of Terror.

We proceed to perform the promise we made our readers, by giving a sketch of this dramatic romance.

Valdarno, the author's instrument of ill, having seduced *Mercia* from a convent, deserts her and returns to his own castle, in the neighborhood of which dwells *Hannibal* an old soldier, with his daughter, *Paulina*. *Valdarno*, struck with the beauty of *Paulina*, so far gains her affections, as to make her deaf to the honest love of *Petro*, a neighboring cottager, but scorning the tedious process of seduction, the lawless lord determines to carry off his victim by force; for which purpose his emissaries set fire to *Hannibal's* cottage, and when *Paulina* attempts to escape, seize her. *Petro*, alarmed for the safety of his mistress, rushes to her rescue, and carries her off: but his efforts are vain, *Paulina* and *Hannibal* become the prisoners of *Valdarno*, and *Petro* only escapes by throwing himself from a bridge into the river.

Mercia, in the mean time, by the aid of *Lazerretto*, a repentant rascal of *Valdarno's*, is saved from poison, and remains concealed in the castle, and her brothers seek her seducer to punish him, but one of them being in danger from robbers, is rescued by *Valdarno*, which obligation prevents an immediate rencontre.

Petro, intent upon the deliverance of *Paulina*, places four of his companions with a feather bed under the castle window, and, disguised as a minstrel, gains admittance to *Paulina* in presence of *Valdarno*. He contrives to give her intimation of his plan, and she is on the point of escaping by the window when *Valdarno*, discovering the imposture, draws a pistol and threatens the life of *Petro*, to save whom, *Paulina* again

throws herself into the power of the tyrant, and both are conveyed to confinement.

Valdarno attempts to gain over *Hannibal* to his purposes, but the manly veteran rejects his proposals with scorn, and to save his daughter from dishonor is about to take her life; when *Petro*, having escaped by the aid of *Lazerretto* and joined the brothers of *Mercia*, they make an unexpected assault upon the castle. *Valdarno* and attendants enter, and he attempting to seize *Paulina*, is prevented by the unexpected appearance of *Mercia*, whom he supposed dead. The assailants gain the castle, and the brothers of *Mercia* enter, but their vengeance is suspended by *Valdarno's* threat of sacrificing the women. *Mercia* encourages them to proceed, and *Valdarno's* soldiers refuse to obey his orders. The tyrant, in a fit of phrenzy, rushes with uplifted sword to sacrifice *Paulina*, when *Petro* enters and arrests the blow. *Valdarno* is secured to be delivered over to justice. *Mercia* is restored to her brothers, and *Paulina* rewards, with her hand, the heroic *Petro*.

Such is the outline of this little drama; which hurries away the imagination and bids defiance to the judgment of rigid criticism. It is, as it professes to be, a romance; and as such, affords innocent amusement at the same time that it conveys a just moral.

FRIDAY, FEB. 3.

Chains of the Heart, (P. Hoare) and first floor, (Cobb.)

MONDAY, FEB. 6.

Chains of the Heart, (P. Hoare) and Mrs. Wiggins, (Allingham.)

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 8.

Chains of the Heart, (P. Hoare) and *Ways and Means*, (Colman the younger.)

The new Opera seems to encrease in popularity and attractions, and will doubtless reward the Manager.

We must defer our remarks on its performance until another number.

R. H's communication did not arrive till too late for the present number; we will with pleasure insert his Rebus next week.



Married,

On Monday evening last, Mr. Austin Adams to Mrs. Jones of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, Arant S. De Peyster, to Miss Macomb daughter of Alexander Macomb, esq.

On Thursday evening last week, on Long Island, Mr. Thorne Carpenter, merchant, of the house of Carpenter and Thorne of this city, to Miss Agnes Van Dyck, daughter of Mr. N. Van Dyck, of Red Hook.

At Smithfield, on the last day of December, Mr. Samuel Sanders, a widower, to Miss Susannah Bollard, both well stricken in years.—The parties are both supported by the town, have never seen each other, and probably never will, as they are both blind.



Died,

On Tuesday morning, after a long indisposition, which she endured with the most patient resignation, Mrs. Mary James wife of Mr. George James, of this city, aged 40 yrs. 8 m. 5 ds. She died lamented by a numerous acquaintance.

On the 7th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Catherine Delves, wife of Mr. Thomas Delves, of this city, merchant.

At Charleston, on the 21st ult. after a severe illness, Mr. Robert Marshall, a native of Scotland, and many years a respectable inhabitant of the state of N. Y.

On Saturday night last, at Philadelphia, in the 70th year of his age, Mr. William Sellers, printer.

In November last, in the township of Westfallowfield, and county of Chester, Mr. Andrew Gibson, aged 96. The number of his offspring now living, is 9 children, 59 grand-children, and 52 great grand-children.

PROFESSIONAL CONCERT.

The public are respectfully informed the First Concert will be on Tuesday, Feb. 14th, at the Mechanic Hall, Broadway—under the direction of Mr. Hewitt.

To begin precisely at seven o'clock; after which will be a Ball, conducted by Mr. Berault.

* * Tickets at one dollar each, to be had of G. Gilfert, Music-store Broadway, and of J. Hewitt, Musical repository, Maiden-lane.

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street, Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors. He has received per the ships Juno and Diligence, from Amsterdam, a large assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes baskets of different sizes—Handsome Toilet baskets—Wine-glass baskets, round and oval—Large and small Trunk baskets—Handsome Market do.—Ladies fine knitting do. of different sizes—handsome Children's do. different patterns—handsome Bread do.—do. Counter do.—do. Tumbler do. different sizes—do. Knife do. &c. &c.

East India, Dunstable, and Holland Table Mats.

Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers, &c. also common Baskets, different kinds.

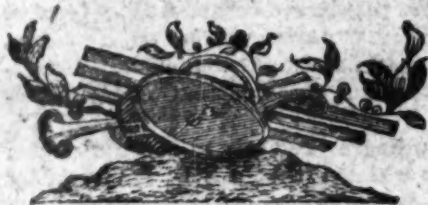
Wanted,
BOARDING FOR TWO LADIES,
with two unfurnished Rooms; or,
A SMALL HOUSE,
in the neighborhood of the Park.
Apply at this office.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, February 13,
WILL BE PRESENTED,
A Grand Drama, in 3 Acts, called,
Chains of the Heart,
Or, The Slave by Choice.

With new Scenery, Machinery, Decorations, and Dresses, forming the most brilliant, as it is the most expensive, spectacle ever exhibited in New-York.

To which will be added,
The Village Lawyer.



FROM THE SORROWS OF LOVE.

THE HAPPINESS OF LOVE,

When Sincere and Constant.

HAPPY the state, when souls congenial burn
With mutual fires, and love for love return.
When each new day Love's growing charms beholds,
New bliss imparts, and new delights unfolds.
How blest the fate, when prudence guides the flame
Which Beauty kindles, and the Loves inflame;
When rob'd in truth, and softness void of art,
The Lovers feel the tender, constant heart:
Then bliss descends—Love's sweetest raptures warm—
Peace beams around—and fled is each alarm.

THE REVERSE.

Illustrated by the Story of Charlotte.

But Peace at times the spotless bosom flies,
And her calm joys ev'n Innocence denies.

Amid the groves, where TUMMEL gently flows,
Retir'd in peace, the blooming CHARLOTTE rose,
Each comely grace her blameless breast array'd,
And ev'ry charm adorn'd the lovely maid,
Here fair she rose, far from the world's alarms,
In beauty's bloom, and Virtue's graceful charms.
Tall as the pines which grace the mountain's side,
Stately she shone, of RANNO's maids the pride.
So shines the ev'ning star with lucid blaze,
'Mid Heav'n's bright orbs that gleam with twinkling rays.

Pure was her bosom as her native stream,
Tender and soft as day's departing beam,
In her mild looks, bright shone the feeling heart,
Her eyes beam'd love, and sweetness void of art.
Beyond the rural toils, she knew no care;
Beyond the vales, no joys she wish'd to share.
Pleas'd with the shades, she sought not fam'd re-
nown;

Riches she scorn'd, nor envied grandeur's crown.
As 'mid the wilds the lily blows unseen,
Or blooms the violet on the desert green,
Retir'd she liv'd, content, unsex'd with care,
By all belov'd nor gloried she was fair.

As youth roll'd on, her graces charm'd the swains,
Inspir'd their love, and wak'd their softest strains.
But, void of guile, no pret' regard she claim'd,
Nor felt a wish which Innocence condemn'd.

Mild as the morn, as op'ning snowdrops sweet,
She knew no art, she trembled at deceit.
Her gentle smiles still cheer'd the drooping breast,
Bade Hope still bloom, and lull'd each care to rest.
Sweet hours of bliss!—why fly with fatal haste?
Why spread delight!—why vanish ere we taste?

Long had her charms the peaceful bow'rs adorn'd,
And, fraught with joy, each smiling morn return'd;
When, at the last, a treacherous lover came,
Before her bow'd, and own'd a tender flame.
With sighs and vows, his guileful arts he plied,
And feign'd a passion which his soul denied.
She heard, she pitied, and, to ease his mind,
To Love she yielded, and her heart resign'd.
Her love he gain'd—but dead to Pity's glow,
Forsook her charms, and left her plung'd in woe.

Now grief conceal'd, her love-lorn heart oppress,
Joy fled her soul, and peace forsook her breast.
Unseen, alone, she pin'd the livelong day,
And, pierc'd by love, consum'd in cares away.
From her pale cheek, the lovely roses fled,
The lilies droop'd, and ruin round her spread.
Alone, unseen, she sought the fatal grove,
Where first her bosom heav'd the sighs of love;
There, all unheard, she rais'd her plaintive moan,
Which soot'n'd oaks, and made the hills to groan,
Ev'n rocks relented at her sorrowing pains,
And pitying mountains echo'd to her strains.

Devour'd by cares, she fled the vernal bow'rs,
Forgot the song, and shunn'd her favorite flow'rs,
To Love a prey, she life's soft joys resign'd,
And, sunk in grief, in sadd'ning sorrow pin'd.
To weep her woes, and sooth her wounded breast,
The nymphs throng'd round her as she lay distress'd:
But, ah! all conqu'ring love who can disarm?
What balm can heal?—what pow'r its sorrows charm?
Their tears she mark'd—ah! what can tears avail?
And, sighing, thus address'd her last farewell.

By CHARLOTTE warn'd, take heed, ye virgins fair,
Of Love take heed, of flatter'ing swains beware.
By a false heart, here drooping low I lie,
By Love consum'd, in bloom of youth I die.
Why did I listen to his artful sighs?
Why heed the anguish of his streaming eyes?
Ah! had I known, ere Pity mov'd my soul,
That Love would rage with such uncurb'd control,
I'd steel'd my bosom 'gainst the fatal dart,
Nor lost my peace when I resign'd my heart.
Ah! happy days—when Love was yet unknown,
Roll back, ye hours!—oh! why forever flown!—
Vain wish! Love rends my heart—clouds dim my view,

Farewel, lov'd maids!—ah, fatal love! adieu.
She sunk—she fell—the crimson fled—she sigh'd,
Her eye-lids clos'd—she bow'd her head and died.

By blooming maids, her fun'ral rites were paid,
Her graceful tomb by blooming maids was made;
By blooming maids, her urn each year is strown
With flow'rs that blow where CHARLOTTE mourn'd alone.

For there the Spring its earliest sweets unfolds,
And Autumn there its latest blooms beholds.
Oft round her grave the nymphs and shepherds range,
To plight their loves, and mutual vows exchange:
Here slighted swains and love-lorn damsels rove,
But Guile nor Art dare haunt the hallow'd grove.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city,

GAINES'S
NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,
Containing in addition to its usual information,
A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

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PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,
Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

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Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practices in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

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No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the "Lottery for the Encouragement of Literature, No. II," either whole, or in halves, quarters, or eighths.—Scheme as follows:

1 Prize of	25,000	60	200
1	10,000	120	100
1	5,000	900	50
3	2,000	500	20
7	1,000	9,000	10
20	500		

9,913 Prizes—23,087 Blanks—Less than 2½ blanks to a prize—Subject to a deduction of 15 per cent.

The above Lottery will commence drawing in the city of N. York, on the first Tuesday in April, 1804.

N. B. Tickets examined and registered as usual—Can be paid for prizes as soon as drawn—Orders for tickets or shares, (post paid) carefully attended to.

Tickets now selling for 6¼ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

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